

## NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,  
PROPRIETOR.

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VOLUME XLII.....NO. 107

## AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET OPERA HOUSE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M.

IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA, at 8 P. M. Mlle. de Belloc.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. PIQUE, at 8 P. M. Fannie Davenport.

GLOBE THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M.

WOODS MUSEUM. REBEL TO THE CORE, at 8 P. M. Oliver Doud Byron. Matinee at 2 P. M.

LYCEUM THEATRE. BLACK-REYD SUSAN, at 8 P. M. Minnie Palmer.

THEATRE COMIQUE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. TWINS, at 8 P. M. Lester Wallack.

TIVOLI THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. HENRY V., at 8 P. M. George H. Rignold.

BROOKLYN THEATRE. LORD DUNDREARY, at 8 P. M. Southern.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. FERREOL, at 8 P. M. C. H. Thorne, Jr.

STEINWAY HALL. THEO. THOMAS' CONCERT, at 8 P. M.

EAGLE THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M.

PARK THEATRE. BRASS, at 8 P. M. George Fawcett Howe.

CHATEAU MABILLE VARIETIES. HUMPTY DUMPTY, at 8 P. M.

PARISIAN VARIETIES. TRUCK TO THE LAST, at 8 P. M.

BOWERY THEATRE.

QUINTUPLE SHEET.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1876.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be warmer, partly cloudy or clear.

NOTICE TO COUNTRY NEWSDEALERS.—For prompt and regular delivery of the HERALD by fast mail trains orders must be sent direct to this office. Postage free.

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—Gold advanced from 113 1-8 to 113 1-2 and closed at 113 1-4. Money loaned at 2 1-2 per cent. Stocks were active and irregular, with a firmer tone at the close. Government, railway and investment securities presented no important features.

ORDER REGIONS IN WARSAW, or, in other words, "All is quiet in Malacca." The British troops are extending the area of civilization in Eastern Asia.

A DISPATCH FROM RIO JANEIRO states that the coffee in stock at that place is eighty-five thousand bags. Brazil is justly regarded as one of the most fertile countries in the world, and is rapidly developing her resources.

"THE ANCIENT REGIME."—M. Taine's new book on this subject, an interesting criticism of which will be found in another column, is one of the most instructive chapters of French history since De Tocqueville issued his history. His reasoning on the causes that led to the great Revolution cannot fail to attract universal attention.

PLOU-PLOU, THE INEXPRESSIBLE, again announces his candidature for the vacancy in the representation of Ajaccio created by the annulment of M. Rouher's election by the Assembly. This action by the Chamber has given the Corsicans another opportunity of choosing between two evils—a Bonaparte and a Rouher.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has arrived at Gibraltar on his homeward journey from India. It must be a source of satisfaction to him to have so many convenient stopping places scattered along his route. He will soon be enjoying a welcome home in his native land. London is preparing a grand reception for the future Emperor of India.

THE PROSPECTS OF RAPID TRANSIT are improving, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of the property owners. Yesterday Judge Daniels, of the Supreme Court, confirmed the report of the Commissioners of Rapid Transit, and overruled the objections of the opponents of this much-needed improvement in city travel. The fact that all the acts of the Commissioners appointed to designate a rapid transit route and determine whether such route should be used for that purpose being in conformity with law, there could be no legal objection to the confirmation of their acts by a competent court. Thus another step forward has been made toward the relief of New York from the miseries of street car travel.

THE WEATHER TO-DAY promises to be clear and pleasant, with moderate westerly winds. The change will undoubtedly attract large numbers of our citizens to the churches and parks, where, according to their ideas on moral and physical enjoyment, they will rejoice in a fine Easter Sunday. The recent period of rain and fog caused some gloomy forebodings for the coming week, but these were entertained only by the unfortunate who do not read the HERALD. Our predictions of last week promised a clearing up for yesterday and have been verified exactly, owing, doubtless to the mysterious influence of the HERALD with the Clerk of the Weather. The records at the Central Park Meteorological Observatory show the following weather changes for the past week:—Mean barometer, 29.828 inches; maximum, April 11, 30.047 inches; minimum, 14th, 29.448 inches. Mean temperature, 48.3 deg.; maximum, 14th, 69 deg.; minimum, 9th, 29 deg. Rain-fall on the 12th and 14th, .08 inch.

## Our Imperial Guest.

The Emperor was fortunate in his coming. The weather was gracious and relenting, in striking contrast with the fitful, cruel weather of the past few weeks. There was the glory of sunlight, of a high, sweeping sea, that seemed to bound, in conscious pride under the royal burden, the wide horizon, which enfolds one of the beautiful bays of the world—a bay that might be almost a recompense to His Majesty for the noble harbor he left behind him. Although his wishes made it impossible for us to show our hospitality in a demonstrative manner, our respect for Dom Pedro as Prince and gentleman and our admiration for his nation, which may be said to share with us the mastery of the American Continent, still his welcome was in keeping with his imperial state and not unbecomingly our simple forms of government. The President paid His Majesty all the honor possible. The Secretary of State and the Secretaries of the two main executive departments of the government met him and bade him welcome in the name of the people and the President. The country will feel that the President, while respecting His Majesty's wishes for privacy, was thoughtful in his courtesies. What the chief of the nation did with so much taste the citizens of New York, and in fact of every part of the nation that Dom Pedro may honor with his presence, will confirm. For the Emperor is not merely a royal guest. He is a prince of the most illustrious houses in the world, having in his veins the blood of the Bourbon, the Braganza and the Hapsburg. Although, as republicans, this quality of rank and lineage is a minor attribute, we are not insensible to the claims which the great names whose honors he inherits have upon all who are familiar with the growth and history of civilization, and who know the influence the ruling families of past ages have had upon the enlightenment and freedom of our own. More than all, the Emperor, in a generation when princes are very often little more than highly placed vagabonds, whose name and example are more of a scandal than an example, has won renown as a scholar, a thinker and a statesman. We are, therefore, not only glad to have as our guest in this centennial year the ruler of a great nation like Brazil and the descendant of the loftiest houses in history, but a gentleman whose erudition ranks him with the ripest of scholars.

His Majesty Dom Pedro will, if he remains long enough, see many things that have not been vouchsafed to him before. "We are," says one of the Americans whom Dickens sketches, "the intellect and virtue of the earth—the cream of human nature and the flower of moral force—our backs are easily riz." We do not know whether His Majesty will see any of our Dickens type of countrymen, but he will see illustrations of metropolitan life which did not exist in the time of the satirist. He will see a metropolis of imposing mansions and streets whose paving would disgrace a Turkish town; he will see splendor and splendor, affluence and poverty, virtue and crime; he will see the "finest police force in the world" unable to maintain the public peace. If he cares to drive around New York, as he was said to do in London at the earliest hours of the day, he must not look for cheap cabs, but make his own terms with ravenous coachmen, who will take all the money he can spare. If he remembers the rapid transit of London and Paris he will find that we are no nearer what the English and French have done than when we signed the Declaration of Independence. If he has an admiration of American institutions and wishes to study our municipal forms of government he will see that there is no free expression of the popular will, but a combination of rings, in whose hands is all the patronage and the disbursement of all the revenues. He will find a wretched civil service—all the offices of the State given over to political adventurers, who have no aim but their own advancement, and who use the functions of government to consolidate their power. If he looks into our religious system he will find that we can devise prodigious scandals in our religion. As he steamed up the noble river which sweeps past our shores he must have seen much to excite his admiration in our metropolitan greatness; but if he studied our wharves he would have found them rotting at vast expense with docks which it were a mockery to show to eyes that have looked upon the majestic docks of Birkenhead.

If he looks to Washington he will see a strange flowering of the centennial period—a House of Representatives so busily engaged in ferreting out corruptions that it has not time to pass the bills necessary to supply the public buildings with gas and coal. He will see a Secretary of War about to approach the bar of the Senate to defend himself from charges which may result in his imprisonment as a common felon. He may see the trusted secretary of the President just out of one dock, where he was arraigned for frauds upon the revenue, about to enter another to defend himself against a still graver charge. He has an army and a navy under his sway, and he may naturally study our ships and our batteries. Well, he can have no one as competent to tell him as the Secretary of the Navy, who welcomed him, and who, if he is too busy, can find a well informed friend in Cattell. If Cattell is in a talkative mood he can explain how it is that he, a private gentleman, has been able to earn hundreds of thousands of dollars through his friendship with the Secretary, and how the Secretary out of his meagre salary has been able to live like a prince in a mansion at the capital and a cottage by the sea. After having satisfied his mind on this interesting branch of study Dom Pedro can learn much about our army from the crowd of army "bummers" who have flourished under the protection of that prince of "bummers," Belknap, and who have been running the War Department for the past six or seven years. He can learn how soldiers have been plundered of their poor pittance out on the Plains, so that "generals" like Rice and Hedrick could live in luxury and idleness in Washington. After the Emperor has exhausted this suggestive branch of study he may learn a great deal about the way we

treat our buried veterans, who have been "cared for by a generous government." We do not venture to say, for fear of misleading His Majesty, but Belknap has nothing to conceal now, and he might tell how much has been robbed from the living and the dead by this model administration. As a student concerned in American history Dom Pedro may be anxious to know what we are doing for our Indian wards on the Plains. There is no one more competent to instruct him than Orville Grant, the President's own brother, unless it may be Mr. Delano, who once came near being Secretary of the Treasury as the one man the President delighted to honor. He can learn how we have robbed, starved and killed the Indians; how we make wars to suit jobbers, and how the poor savages must starve that the post traders in partnership with Orville Grant may have fat dividends.

His Majesty, as a scholar and a thinker anxious to apply the results of his observations and meditations to the welfare of his own people, will no doubt delight in these themes. The more he studies them the more he will know. If he is at a loss for knowledge Mr. Clymer and other well informed gentlemen may instruct him. They are opening from day to day new sources of enlightenment. So, if His Majesty is not compelled to hurry back to his rich, vast and beautiful Empire, he may learn many new and strange things. For while, as the character in the novel says, we are "the intellect and the virtue of the earth and the cream of human nature," we are a good deal more. There may be tender emotions in the breast of a potentate not above the sentiment of history as he stands in the Hall of Independence and by the grave of Washington. But Dom Pedro must not do us the injustice of supposing that we have no other attractions. There is Tweed's new Court House, one of the wonders of the world—a building that we may well say has been the source of more care and expense than the Pyramids of Egypt. The Pyramids are finished, but our monument stands as a type of what America can do in the way of public adornment when she once makes up her mind. If those who guide the Emperor are remiss in instruction His Majesty will find many things in our newspapers which he has not known in Brazil. Nor must he neglect the information about the country, the people, the rulers, the politicians and each other which editors are delighted to afford mankind. There is such a thing as seeing a country from a railway window and from a dinner table. But we trust His Majesty will have the widest field of study and observation. Whether he will say in the end that we are an eagle or a lion or the greatest of nations we do not venture to predict, but he will certainly go back to Brazil a much wiser Emperor than when he came, with a great deal to tell to his royal brethren over the seas that has been only half told already.

## Our London Cable Letter.

Easter-tide marks a distinct epoch in the London theatrical year, just as Christmas does, those managers that have new entertainments to offer making a point of preserving them for the great flow of British holiday seekers. The rush of theatrical announcements which our letter bears includes two such names as Rossi and Janaschek; "Queen Mary," too, is to undergo the trial by footlights, and these will go a long way to condone the nameless nonsense which is produced at a great many of the houses where cockneys are delighted. The debut of an American prima donna at Covent Garden last night is an event in itself, and that the venture is pronounced successful will gratify Americans who are hopeful of our art progress. That the Oriental spectacle should cause worry in London we cannot wonder, when we reflect how many thousands of Englishmen have invested their money in Turkish and Egyptian bonds. The craze for high interest is likely to receive a check when the risk that usually accompanies it has received a fresh illustration in Turkish insolvency and Egyptian chaos. The Porte's threat to stop all payments and arm the Mohammedans is really a formidable one to Europe; but if it is attempted the world will soon see the end of the European anomaly.

## Our Paris Cable Letter.

The French capital, about to escape from Lenten restraint, is just now in its best humor, for the prospect of general enjoyment is, as humanity goes, often more pleasurable than the realization. The recess of the Versailles Parliament, however, gives a genuine relief to nervous people, who are still prepared to hear an explosion any day since there has been a republican majority, and the children can crack their *oufs de Paques* without fear of the shells bursting as they used to in the days of the siege. The production of a successful opera, "Le Moulin Vert," reminds us how prolific Paris has become in this specialty. When we hear that Boucicault has again placed his name upon a Parisian playbill it speaks to us of the eternal balance of time, for the versatile Dion, whose motto is "Je prends mon bien ou je le trouve," has taken so much from France that it is equitable he should attempt restitution. But if he was to undertake the repayment of all he owes there it would take him half a century, and the Parisians must therefore take the will for the deed. In noting the production of "Arrah-na-Pogue" on the Parisian boards it is but fair to Mr. Boucicault to recall that the honor of having his work as an English dramatist played in French is one that he shares almost alone with Shakespeare. The billiard players have managed to get up a little international teapot tempest in Paris, from which, we suppose, somebody designs to reap profit in the shape of free advertising.

THE LOSS OF A RUSSIAN CORVETTE with all hands while entering the Piræus, Greece, has no parallel among marine disasters except the foundering of the English turret ship Captain almost within sight of the British coast. Stormy weather at sea may cause the destruction of the best handled ships, but this catastrophe suggests bad seamanship and defective naval construction.

## Easter.

The Festival of the Resurrection will be celebrated in the churches to-day, and the services in this city will be more ornate than usual. At St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Ann's church, in Twelfth street; St. Francis Xavier's church, in Sixteenth street; St. Stephen's church, in Twenty-eighth street, and the other Catholic churches, and at Trinity, Grace, St. Thomas' and St. Alban's Episcopal churches, besides many others, the musical programme will be unusually attractive, and the joyful festival will be celebrated, even in Catholic and Protestant churches, with more than the usual pomp. The reason of this is plain, for from the earliest period of Christianity Easter has been the queen of our religious festivals. It is the day on which, according to ancient practice, it was customary to exclaim, "Christ is risen!" and it consequently to be expected that the ceremonies of the Church should be more elaborate than on any other day in the year. In Rome especially the religious pageantry is of the grandest kind, and the grandeur of St. Peter's is reflected throughout the Catholic world. It is to be remarked, however, that with us the popular customs of Easter have disappeared, and, aside from the religious services and the absurdity of "Easter eggs," there is nothing to distinguish the festival from that of any other in the Christian calendar. This is, for the better, perhaps, as the effect is to make it what it ought to be—simply the Feast of the Resurrection. With every nation it was customary to have a spring-time festival, but with us the season has a higher significance, as it is the day on which all Christian people celebrate the rising of that Saviour who is the hope and trust of every believer in the new dispensation. This is what makes Easter so full of joy and lifts it so far above the festival of spring, which it was before the Western nations learned to be Christians, and if we take these thoughts with us to church to-day we shall be all the better and happier in the religion which Easter does so much to honor.

## Harmony Is Strength.

The fact that the President has selected Mr. Conkling as the candidate of the republicans whose nomination and election would best give expression to the ideas of his administration and be its best vindication, seems to be accepted by all members of the party. This accounts for the general falling into line of the old regular troops of the organization. If the President is sincere in his devotion to Mr. Conkling he should imitate the example of Jackson and insist that there shall be harmony in his Cabinet on this question of the succession.

When Andrew Jackson declared he would have no one in his Cabinet who would not keep out of the fight for the Presidency he showed that he meant to have a Cabinet that would be his own and not that of a cabal. So, when he detected a Calhoun intrigue, he smashed his Cabinet and summoned men around him who were true to his own ideas and supported his own candidates.

The trouble with our Cabinet, so far as the President is concerned, is that there is a contest for his succession among the members which interferes with his purpose to serve Mr. Conkling. There, for instance, is Mr. Fish, a most estimable gentleman, whose friends would like to run him, and who, if he were to run, would poll a large vote that might otherwise go to the democrats. There is Mr. Jewell, a handsome and winning man, who has a strength in New England that should not be despised. Now, neither Mr. Fish nor Mr. Jewell can in their hearts give a loyal support to Mr. Conkling. More than all, there is the Secretary of the Treasury, who is known to be an active and powerful rival of Mr. Conkling. Why should he be allowed to use the vast power of the Treasury for his own advancement when the President is bent upon having Mr. Conkling nominated? The fear is that if the President permits this to go on there may be a feeling in the mind of many of Mr. Conkling's supporters that he is not sincere in his friendship, that he may have a "dark horse" of his own to run—a horse that has not been named, and that may come on the course at the last moment to surprise us all.

## The City Charter Commission.

This commission, appointed by the Governor so late that effective steps under its recommendation were impossible, has asked for an extension of time till the next session of the Legislature—the only possible course in the circumstances. There is one phrase in their request which shows that they have a right perception of the main difficulty in the case before them. They recognize that any remedy for misgovernment here must be "intrenched in the constitution" to be of any value. All the evils we suffer flow from the fact that the great patronage of our city government has made it a party football. If the republicans are in power they construct a charter for us, the principal object of which is to make offices that shall be filled in such a way that republicans will get in, and they abolish the offices held by democrats. If the democrats get hold of the Legislature, either at the polls or by purchase, they upset all that has been done and make a charter the other way. So we go, year in and year out; but to put the principles on which the cities of the State shall be governed into the constitution, and therefore out of reach of the Legislature, cannot but benefit us in this respect.

EX-PRESIDENT CASSIDIAN'S VIEWS on the war feeling in Europe, which we present elsewhere, form a most interesting and instructive study. The brilliant Spanish statesman calmly surveys the whole political horizon, listens to the uneasy rumors heard on all sides, sees the various Powers struggling for supremacy, as the individuals of a community striving for wealth and position. He looks upon the rivalries between France and Germany as a distant source of trouble, and marks the insurrection in the Herzegovina as the cloud which, "no bigger than a man's hand" now, threatens to overshadow the whole European Continent with disaster. He beholds Italy at peace, having within her borders an infallible Pontiff, a monarch who has learned to respect the will of the people and support the tribune, and a

lifelong democrat who wishes to crown the labor of his life by purifying the pestilential Campagna Romana. With that fervid, passionate earnestness peculiar to this master of the Castilian tongue he gives us the result of his observations and paints his word pictures in colors that are exceedingly difficult of reproduction in our cold Anglo-Saxon.

## If Grant Is Sincere Let Him Reconstruct His Cabinet.

No one questions the wisdom of the President in his support of Mr. Conkling for the republican nomination. Mr. Conkling is worth a hundred Blaines and a thousand Mortons as a candidate. If he has not earned the voice of the President for the succession there is nothing in faithful service and devotion to an administration through good and evil report. But how can honest republicans think for a moment that the President is sincere if he permits the men around him to oppose Mr. Conkling and take sides with other candidates.

Thus in the Cabinet there are three or four candidates for the Presidency. Mr. Fish, Mr. Jewell and Mr. Brewster are prominent aspirants, with a following in no way to be despised. One of these gentlemen controls the Treasury, the other the Post Office—two of the most important offices in the administration so far as patronage is concerned. Now, if Mr. Conkling is the President's sincere choice, he should see that the department of the government are all in harmony with him and support his candidate.

Thus, at least, was the way that old Andrew Jackson would have done. When he made up his mind that John C. Calhoun should not be President and that Martin Van Buren should, the way he hurled the Calhoun intrigues out of the Cabinet was a marvel of Executive resolution and promptitude. Let General Grant remember Jackson and profit by his example. The friends of Conkling have a right to expect that there shall be no half-way support of their candidate—no murdering him, at least, in the house of his friends.

## Pulpit Topics for Easter.

Just as we might expect on such a festival as this, our city pastors will devote the whole or part of this Easter Day to considerations and expositions of the doctrine of the resurrection. Mr. Hepworth will take it up in the morning and treat the crucifixion in his other service. Mr. Lloyd will devote the entire day to it, giving at his evening service a special sermon on the burial and resurrection of truth. Mr. Travis, too, will make it the theme of his meditation, and so will Mr. McCarthy. But Mr. Snow will demonstrate that there is no hope for the immortality of the human soul but in the resurrection of Christ. Mr. Pullman will give the subject his attention, and Dr. Armitage will explain the symbolic relation of the Jewish wave-sheaf to the resurrection of Christ. Mr. Lightbourn will give it prominence in his pulpit, and will also draw from death in general as well as in particular lessons of faith and hope for his hearers, while Mr. Leavell will call up the witnesses to the resurrection of Christ and make his death personally applicable to each one. Mr. Steele will connect the faith of the doubting disciple Thomas with the resurrection, and Mr. Thomas will give one service to it and another to the poor rich man. Mr. Giles will explain what the flowers teach us about the resurrection of our own bodies. Mr. Nicholas will discuss a circumstance which preceded the crucifixion of Christ—namely, Peter's denial of Him—and Mr. Harris will take an event subsequent to demonstrate that the way from the grave to glory is plain and easy. Dr. Armitage will apply the invitation of the disciples at Emmaus to Christ to abide with us, and Mr. Phelps will inquire of his hearers which way they are travelling. The triumphs of patience will be exalted by Mr. Hawthorne; the evils of restrained prayer will be pointed out by Mr. Herr; the morals of Universalism will be discussed by Mr. Pullman; the foolish barter and the value of trust will be discussed by Mr. Rowell, and the life and career of A. T. Stewart, the deceased millionaire merchant, will be traversed by Mr. Talmage. Mr. Smith will inquire whether or not women preachers and reformers ought to be encouraged; Mr. McCarthy will draw a contrast between the preaching of Mr. Moody and that of Jonathan Edwards, and Mr. Andrews will make it clear that only the sealed ones can escape from the great tribulation predicted in the Apocalyptic vision. And thus will this Easter Day be spent by many of our city pastors.

A BATTLE IN THE DESERT.—The letter of our correspondent with the Largetan expedition, in the Desert of Sahara, which we publish to-day, presents some remarkable features. A band of desperate brigands attack and stampede a caravan loaded with costly merchandise. The Governor of Ghadames has no soldiers worthy the name, no volunteers in the oasis city, and has to put himself at the head of the men composing Largetan's expedition in order to chastise the thieves. The long hunt of four days and nights which places the Governor and his native force *hors de marche*, the battle between the outthroats and the Sonafa, would form the nucleus of a sensational romance. Unfortunately for M. Largetan, however, this conflict cost him his trusty guide and tended to delay the fulfilment of his hopes of getting certain Sudan merchants to accompany him to Algiers with a long caravan, bearing ivory, hides, ostrich feathers, fruits and other rich produce for the markets of France direct.

THE UNSETTLED CONDITION OF EASTERN EUROPE has a disturbing influence on the money centres of the Continent, and almost a panic has been experienced during the past week in financial circles. Rumors prevailed that the April coupons of Egyptian bonds would not be paid, but proved unfounded, although they helped to increase the excitement. As a result there was a general desire to sell Egyptians at a fall ranging from 6 to 18. Foreign securities generally experienced a sharp decline, some touching the lowest quotations ever known. Although money was abundant in the London market there was little business transacted. American government bonds alone remain firm in the midst of this general financial disturbance.

## The Opera Season.

On next Monday Mlle. Belocca appears in Rossini's "Barbieri" to open the short season of opera which Mr. Maurice Strakosch is to give us. The other day that gentleman detailed, through the medium of an interview, a very high belief in the attractive powers of the young Russian artist, and from it we may conclude that his promise is confined to the "star" system, which he defends on its only defensible grounds. They may be reduced to this:—Without a star no combination will draw. On the other hand it leaves us the disagreeable possibility of getting a star, but no support worthy the name. Indeed, wherever the "star" system has prevailed—whether in drama or opera—the result has generally been a star rendered nebulous by surrounding stardust. The winter season through which we have passed has given us a "star" or two of the first magnitude that scarcely anything could dim; but what shifts of poverty have the managers been put to in attempting to fill a round of even a week or two. It means a limited *répertoire* and a merciless use of the scissors on the few operas possible in existing parts in which the chief singer does not appear. This kind of butchery is dreadful to contemplate, and can only be borne when we think how much worse it would be to hear the halting satellites murder the music that has been mercifully cut away. Our bric-à-brac season has seen too much of this work which it would be a misnomer to call opera, and brilliant, melodious and beautiful as Mlle. Belocca may be we fear that the pleasure derivable from hearing her will form very nearly the sum total of what is to be expected. We have just had Titiens under similar conditions, and, as she was too great an artist to be slighted, the public went to hear her and to wish that she had not been left so severely alone. It is too late in the day to argue that opera cannot be given profitably in New York with a cast in which the leading singer shall only be the brightest in a galaxy of stars. New York is willing to support that and will be contented with no less. Mr. Strakosch, indeed, is lavish in his promises of what he will give us in the fall. Mr. Mapleson is also preparing a company, and thus mutually spurred on we may look forward to a really brilliant fall season.

The troupe Mr. Strakosch is about to give us is not such as they have in the great cities of Europe, where every singer has a part which he or she can sing with the perfection of art, and where even the smallest parts are sung with a thorough knowledge of the meaning of the music which we do not see here in any of our troupes. To use a theatrical illustration, these troupes are like the companies which played Solon Shingle, Rip Van Winkle, Colonel Sellers and Bardwell Slote. All depended on the skill and grace of one or at most two actors. The others were merely lay figures put on to keep up the plot and present the tableaux. The singing troupes we have had have really been operatic concert troupes and not first class opera companies. We may be glad enough to welcome them in this shape—for an operatic concert troupe is much better than nothing—but let us have them as what they are and not as what they are not. For the present, therefore, we must accept the coming fortnight of operatic concert, and in wishing Mlle. Belocca success still hope that the entire work of carrying each night's entertainment shall not be left upon her shoulders.

## PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Florida magnolias are in bloom.  
Peach trees are in bloom around Washington.  
Mrs. Howe, of Utica, is an own cousin of the late Mr. Stewart.  
Hugo and Tiers are enemies. Moses and Aaron also have their little squabble.  
Mackay, the celebrated Bonanza miner, will leave for the 29th of the Centennial.  
The first Governor of Iowa, Ansel Briggs, is still alive, but in limited circumstances.  
Lotta, the beautiful banjoist, is twenty-nine years old, counting a stripe for every year.  
Maurat Halstead is taking in Presidential prospects and other mixed drinks in Washington.  
A C. Wheeler is on his way to Colorado for materials for a story. Hope he will call it "Triplets."  
Schenck was counting them over to himself, thinking he had a straight: "Acc, King, Emma, Jack—I get you three better."  
It isn't often that the granger gets a philopona, but two geese were hatched from one goose egg in Georgia the other day.  
Jack Logan, of Illinois, pieces out his ebony mustache by letting it grow into what would be a side whisker if it had any chance.  
Charleston, S. C., is now shipping North over 1,000 quarts of strawberries daily, and by May will be shipping 30,000 to 40,000 quarts a day.  
Sometimes a child or an insane person will stumble upon a piece of profound wisdom. The Rochester Democrat said that "only wholesale prices have come down."  
The new shades for evening silks are "froxy blue," "gouture," a smile; rosy tinted lavender, sea foam and every imaginable shade—cream, straw, flesh, canary color and buff.  
If Timothy Titcomb Holland ever was a young man he must have been a Sunday school librarian. This is no mean position, but it does not require an original vein of thought.  
No surer sign is wanting that the South means to rule this country with an unsparring hand than that the majority in Congress no longer whittle pine wood, but eat peanuts.  
Chicago Times.—"Ida Lewis and her husband live happily together, but she sometimes thinks that she handles drowning young men with a little more tenderness than old men."  
Norristown Herald.—"A mountain of superior white chalk has been discovered in Idaho, and now, if a never-failing spring is in close proximity, an enterprising man might start a dairy there without investing in a single cow."  
The general objection to General W. S. Hancock as the Presidential nominee of the democratic party is that he hanged Mrs. Suratt, and that he is a military man. The democrats have more sensitiveness about the hanging of Mrs. Suratt than republicans have, for some reason or other.  
Judge Poland is reported as saying in conversation, on the morning of the Vermont Republican Convention, that he had no preference himself between Blaine and Brewster, but that he thought the republican sentiment of Vermont was in favor of Mr. Blaine and that he could vote for him with pleasure.  
Count Herbert de Bismarck, eldest son of the Chancellor of the German Empire, has demanded in Austria the only daughter of Prince Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg, heiress of the vast properties situated in Austria, belonging to the Dietrichstein family. The Count has met with difficulties from the fact that the Princess is a Roman Catholic.  
The library of ex-Minister E. G. Squier, the archæologist, will be sold at auction on the 21st inst. This library ought really to be bought for some public institution. The collection includes a portion of Humboldt's library, and we fear that the notices by European journals may have the effect of carrying some of it to Europe.